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THE
MISSIONARY LINK



FOR THE

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY
OF AMERICA

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THE MISSIONARY LINK

This organ of the "Woman's Union Missionary Society of America" is issued monthly. Subscription, 50c. a year. Life members will receive the MISSIONARY LINK gratuitously by sending an annual request for the same.

"What? and Why?" is a leaflet giving a brief account of the Society and work in the form of question and answer "Mission Band Leaflets" are original stories written especially for this portion of our work.

Editor of the MISSIONARY LINK, Mrs. F. S. Bronson, 67 Bible House, New York.

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THE MISSIONARY LINK

VOL. XLVII.

JANUARY, 1916

No. 1

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

This Society was organized in 1860, and is the pioneer of Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies in America.

It is undenominational, and so it presents a united Christian front to the heathen world.

It is carried on entirely by women, with unsalaried officers.

Its aim is the salvation and elevation of heathen women.

"Win for Christ," its motto.

THE Women's Christian College of South India is well started, and its success assured. There are forty students in the three college classes, most of whom are Christians. They come from all over South India, largely from mission schools and ministers' families, and are picked girls, the most intelligent and attractive to be found in the land. Scripture lessons are attended by all; as are morning and evening prayers. The students have a religious life of their own—Bible classes, which they lead themselves, and little prayer groups. They are most enthusiastic in their college life, and give promise of good work in the future.

ACCORDING to recent statistics there are nearly five hundred thousand women and children employed in factories in Japan. Twelve per cent of the workers are under fourteen, and many are working fifteen hours a day, under demoralizing conditions.

AN article in the *Hindustan Review* calls attention to the backward condition of the native states of India, and makes suggestion that the younger generation of Indian princes be educated where they will have the same opportunity to learn the principles of constitutional and political liberty that other educated people have in India.

LAST summer the first issue of a new monthly magazine for women was published in Shanghai, called "The Ladies' Journal." The articles cover subjects of a practical character such as hygiene, and the majority of them are written by women.

THE *Indian Social Reformer* records the opening of a new hospital in Bombay to provide gratuitous medical and surgical treatment to all sufferers from diseases of the eyes, who cannot afford private medical aid. The institution has secured the gratuitous assistance of several medical practitioners, among whom are mentioned two lady doctors, Dr. Kashibai Nowrange and Dr. Nagubai Joshi. The neglect of minor ailments of the eye, so common in India, often leads to loss of sight, and the existence of a free hospital like this is a valuable form of social service.

IT is understood that a conference of Hindus, who do not approve caste distinction, was to meet in Bombay under the auspices of the Aryan Brotherhood Conference. This movement indicates the value of foreign influence and education in reforming national ills.

APERIODICAL in the Far East asserts that the first year of the war has been the best year for missions that Japan has seen in more than a decade. Religious life among the Christians seems more genuine, school enrollment is larger, and even non-Christian schools are not averse to providing Christian instruction.

LET us remember the Anniversary in our prayers and in our plans. It will be held on Wednesday, the nineteenth of January, in the Bible House, as usual. The past year has been one of adjustment, of responsibility, of unaccustomed service in the work of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, and it will be a good time for us to prove our personal interest by our presence and to plan larger things for the coming year.



OUR CALCUTTA ORPHANAGE.

IN EASTERN LANDS.

INDIA—CALCUTTA

COMPLETION AND DEDICATION OF THE NEW
BUILDING AT THE ORPHANAGE

By BESSIE M. WHITE

WHILE our beautiful new building was being given back to Him who gave it, our hearts yearned to have our many friends at home share in our joy and unite with us in praising Him from whom it came.

This building was made possible by the selling of an unused section of our property, and by a special gift from Government which came as a direct answer to prayer. We now have a building which is most complete in every way. How anxiously we have all watched it grow, inch by inch, from the digging of the foundation to the finishing off of the interior. Large numbers of workmen were put on the work every day, and the rapidness with which it went up surprised us all. Six months has seen its completion. Methods in the East are very different from ours in the West, and one thing which amused us very much was the making of the flat roof. Loads

of broken brick material, mixed with cement, were spread over the surface, and then a band of 50 women were brought up, who squatted there in rows, and each pounded down a little section with a flat piece of wood. They sang strange melodies as they worked and made a very curious and interesting picture.

The new building is oblong in shape, and is attached to a projecting section in the rear of the main building. It is made of bricks, plastered over and painted a cream color. There are eleven rooms upstairs and the same number on the second floor. Special care has been taken to reserve the brightest, sunniest place for the babies and for those who are ill, so the largest corner room downstairs is to be a nursery for the little ones, and the one just above it a ward for the sick girls. Then there is a smaller room, with a separate bathroom, entirely shut away for contagious diseases. Upstairs there are a number of good-sized, airy sleeping rooms for the teachers and workers and children, all opening out on a long veranda. Downstairs there are dining rooms for the girls and teachers, rooms where the girls dress and keep their little tin boxes of personal belongings, and plenty of bathrooms with all modern sanitary plumbing.

What a contrast this all is to the long row of damp little buildings with doors and no windows or proper ventilation, where the girls used to eat and sleep! The nursery opens out into a large space, which is cemented and enclosed, where the babies will play. Also connecting with the nursery is a small, separate house, to be used for cooking the babies' food. For reasons of protection a new eight-foot wall has been put up, completely enclosing a compound for the girls and hiding them from the street. Outside of this is a long, grassy place kept for the teachers. Twenty-two trees have been set out along the high wall enclosing our main compound, and when these grow tall and thick the Orphanage will be quite private and secluded. Vines have been set out along the wall and have already begun to cling to it.

When the work was practically finished, we thought it was only fitting that Miss Simpson, who has been so used of God in planning and carrying out these many improvements, should, before her return home, have the joy of seeing it dedicated to the service of God. About fifty invitations were sent out for this little service. We worked hard, decorating the main building with palms and flowers, and the chapel with American and English flags. Unfortunately the rainy season was not over, and a heavy tropical downpour, which flooded the streets, prevented many of our friends from coming. Little tea tables had been arranged in the drawing room and veranda, and tea was served at half after four. At five we went down into the Chapel, which was well filled with our guests in the center, the high school girls on one side and the Orphanage girls on the other and wherever else there was room. The programs were written and decorated with hand-painted flowers done by the high school girls.

The exercises included prayers and addresses by several clergymen, singing, distribution of garlands, and the formal opening of the building. Miss Simpson told the story of how wonderfully God had worked for us, first giving us the money to entirely renovate the main building and finally the money for this handsome new building.

The garlands were made by the Orphanage girls and placed around the neck of each guest. Rev. Mr. Anderson, in well-chosen words, expressed our gratitude, first of all, to the Giver of every good gift, secondly to the government for its help, and thirdly to Miss Simpson, whose untiring labor and wise

supervision had made possible these improvements. He also voiced the general feeling of regret because of her leaving India.

W. R. Gourlay, Esq., private secretary to his Excellency, Lord Carmichael, the Governor of Bengal, presided over the meeting. Mrs. Gourlay, who has been most interested in the Orphanage, then went up to and opened the door leading into the new part, and declared the building opened. She led the way, and all followed to inspect the rooms, one by one.

It is our great desire that God will use this building for the training and development of many children who have neither home nor parents, and that many may be called out from here to evangelize their own people in this great needy land of India.

JHANSI

OUR VISITS IN NATIVE STATES

By TENA McLEAN

A QUIET ride in the early morning is delightful, notwithstanding the night before had to be spent in the train and in the waiting room at the railway station.

The visit, of which I will write first, was a call to Tikam Ghar, a native state about ninety miles from Jhansi, and to the home of the eldest son of the rajah of that state. One evening, just after Dr. Ernst had left for one of our outside dispensaries, an urgent telegram came, saying, "Come at once. A motor car will be waiting for you at Lalitpur," the nearest railway station, about forty-six miles away. There was about two hours before the next train would leave Jhansi, so the message was at once sent to Dr. Ernst, and we proceeded to get ready the necessary things. I accompanied the doctor, and we left Jhansi about seven o'clock in the evening, arriving at Lalitpur about 11 p. m. There we found the automobile waiting to convey us to the palace; but we were told that it was a very rough road, and that it would be unwise to travel over it at night. Can you imagine how hard it was to have to decide to remain there until daylight? As soon as we saw the first peep of day dawning we went to waken the chauffeur, and in a few moments we were spinning over the roads towards the palace. Pen cannot describe the beauties of nature as day approached; as the sun crept up, taking possession of earth and sky, and the stars

grew dimmer and dimmer, until they could be seen no longer.

About ten o'clock we came to the old city, which looked in many places like a mass of ruins. We were soon at the home of our patient, and were met most cordially by the private secretary of the rajah, who was also the family physician. Then we were informed that the little heir had arrived at ten o'clock the night before. It was a disappointment to us not to be with her, but a real joy that the Rani and her little son were doing nicely. Realizing the difficulties of the journey, our attempt to get there was much appreciated by the family. Since that visit Dr. Ernst has had another call into that same state.

The other case, of which I will write, was a call to Nowgong, another native state, to the home of a very influential Hindu family. They had heard of Dr. Ernst. I accompanied the doctor on this case also. The call came one evening, and we took the first train, a little after midnight, arriving there about 8 a. m. Quite unusual in India, we found everything very nicely arranged for the patient. The day wore on and evening came, and we saw that it would mean being up all night again. The insight we gained that night, into a real Hindu home, was worth a great deal. We are apt to think that the women folk of India have little or nothing to say in their home affairs, but this is a great mistake, for in many cases, as in this one, the women do rule and direct the affairs of the house. At two o'clock in the morning the baby came; such a nice, chubby little girl. Could you have heard the shouts of joy in that family when the little one was heard to cry, I am sure you would feel as we did—that it was well worth while to make so many people happy. It was now Saturday morning, and Dr. Ernst thought both mother and child needed careful attention for twenty-four hours at least, so we decided to remain over Sunday. How they did plead with us to stay longer, but the work in Jhansi needed us, and we had to return. In this case, also, since that first visit, Dr. Ernst has had several calls from that same family, and as one call always leads to another, we esteem it a privilege and a wonderful opportunity to thus get an entrance into the native states. We believe this is one way in which our heavenly Father, whose guidance we seek, gives us open doors and hearts, to whom we can carry the message of healing, of love, and salvation, and when He gives the open doors, we feel we must enter them or else be unfaithful to Him.

THE OLD AND THE NEW IN CHINA

By JULIA HAND BRONSON

MY first mistake on that memorable day, and one which might have spelled disaster to the would-be country evangelist on her first trip, was in mounting my steed. For the steed was a wheelbarrow—and perhaps you know what happens to a wheelbarrow when its load does not properly balance. I know—now. Miss Irvine, who was in charge of the day, offered good advice: "When two are to ride on a wheelbarrow they must get on together." "Yes," I responded meekly, grasping the central gear, and, watching my companion unblinkingly, we got on together and started, bumpety bump! We approached a fearful cut in the road, and I screamed a little, in view of what was likely to happen.

The Bible women in the barrow behind called out something to Miss Irvine. "They say," she said, "to remind you not to jump off without giving me warning."

So it must be "getting off together," too!

The first stop proved to be what Miss Irvine called a "village," a great enclosure, set in wide fields. Inside the enclosure was a group of buildings, a line of houses, low and dark, and attached to each other. This compound was occupied by one family, or clan. It was a heathen family, steeped deeply in superstitions and prejudices, and we were not wanted. Cold looks greeted us, open contempt and hostility showed in their faces. An old, old woman stood in a doorway, and we stopped and greeted her pleasantly, but no answering smile lit the shrewd, hard features. Her feet were encased in embroidered shoes, and each little shoe showed several well-wrought little dogs. The Bible woman pointed to those pitiful figures. "She knows she is soon to go on a long journey, and she wants the fierce and wicked dogs she is sure to meet in the next world to recognize her as a friend, so they will not bite and tear her."

Poor little old woman, and poor pathetic little feet, faring forth so soon on an unknown way fraught with gloomy terror!

The Bible woman, our old friend Mrs. Zau, who might have been trained by one of the world's most famous educators—so skilful is she at seizing a point of contact, pointed once more to the shoes and began a real Gospel talk to the woman, on how to find the way of peace. It was hard ground. Finally the woman said: "I am very old, and very deaf. I can't hear a word you say": and Miss

Irvine gave this free translation, "I do not like your doctrine and am distinctly bored, please move on." In the meantime a little, curious group had gathered about us. Said the old woman, "There is a Christian living beyond; go to her"; and turned on her heel, her little dog-embroidered heel, and left us.

Then the group some way broke into three, and the two Bible women and Miss Irvine each had an audience and began wayside preaching. Sometimes the people argued loudly—sometimes they sneered, but always one felt that hard, hard wall of hostility.

At last the one Christian in that whole village, a poor little young thing, who lives "the life" in the home of a persecuting old father-in-law, came running out to meet us. She was the cleanest thing in that village! The other people all seemed unspeakably dirty, but her plain cotton coat was fresh and she was washed. This is what the Gospel does, then—makes people cleaner. She smiled her welcome and took me, the stranger, by the hand and led us into her poor home, where we sat down with her in an outer room. A great crowd gathered about us, and Miss Irvine talked quietly and comfortingly to her, for she was sorrowful and burdened, while in an inner room an angry old man made unwelcoming remarks about us very distinctly.

Our next visit was very different. It was a plain farmer's home, and all the members of the family were very ignorant, but they were Christians, and the bare house seemed cleaner, and the flies were fewer, and the welcome was very sincere. The woman of the house came running down the garden-path to meet us, welcome written large on her simple, kindly face, as she led us in by the hand.

Immediately we were in, a small bustle began. Some one ran with a great basket of rice, what would have seemed a year's supply for a family at home, and washed it at a neighboring well. Some one flew to the garden and began to cut spinach, "for we remember that teacher likes spinach." A fire was kindled in the furnace-like kitchen stove, and it was evident that we were expected to eat rice with the family at noon.

My first Chinese repast! Can I ever forget it? Sitting at a bare table, loaded with the best those kindly souls had to offer, with simple, kind, hungry faces, hungry for light and truth, about us. It was a sacrament.

Only a few miles out from Shanghai, and I had really been in old China almost untouched by the new order of things. Yet on our way back to the West Gate we rode over

fine macadam roads, past beautiful villas, through an active, bustling, western-looking city, with progress in the air. The contrast was very great.

We were very, very tired that night, and to one, at least, the wheelbarrow had been the chief cause of aching bones. Yet what a little way we rode that day! And as I went thankfully to rest, I thought of a story, just heard, about our dear Dr. Reifsnnyder, who once, long ago, was called to see a poor woman in the night, and took a wheelbarrow and went seventeen miles over dreadful roads and came back exhausted; and how the very next day a messenger came flying to the city to fetch her again, and though she groaned, she got on her wheelbarrow and rode away again to bring help and relief to one of the needy ones of China's millions. She had a right to be tired!

PERSONALS

India, Calcutta.—Miss Simpson writes: The cornerstone of the new building connected with the Orphanage was laid in April, and five months later was practically finished. We feel like praising God over every brick that is put in place, for the erection of this building is so manifestly the goodness of God to His little Indian children.

Fatehpur.—Dr. Mackenzie writes: In my vacation I was studying regularly with a teacher, so as to take the fourth language examination on my return. I read two hours a day with the Paudit in order to finish the prescribed work. We have to read one book in Urdu (mostly Arabic), translate thirty-one hymns, and give a verbal statement of the essentials of Christianity in Hindu. I shall be glad to pass—truly.

Pacific Ocean.—Dr. Whitmore writes: We started from Vancouver six days late because of a slight fire. The many storms have delayed us also, and the voyage has been very rough. The vessel ordinarily carries about fifty, but we have more than a hundred and fifty first-class passengers, of whom seventy-three are missionaries; but of course many of us, the extra hundred, are very poorly situated. I am in steerage. We all joke about it, but really we have used the deck for eating, sleeping and camping out. But I am so glad to be here and so nearly at a journey's end. Such lovely friends I have made. The wireless reports of the revolution do not seem to daunt the spirits of the workers.

HERE AND THERE

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

MANY years ago a new manager was elected to our Board from New Jersey. She read our constitution, and noticed that her new membership made her responsible for at least twenty dollars annually. "Give it yourself, that's the easiest way," said her family, but our new member made this firm resolve: "I will interest twenty others each year." True to her purpose, in addition to her own gifts, twenty friends were sought out, and the interest aroused in one heart long ago has brought thousands of dollars into our treasury.

As we enter Room 67 week after week there comes to our hearts the dear echo of a voice that is stilled to outward ears, and the word we hear is, "It's the personal touch that counts, my dear; never forget it's the personal touch that counts." So it was, oftenest, to you and to me, the personal touch of our beloved Secretary which reached our hearts and loosened our purse strings, and inspired us to one more gift for Jesus' sake. Is it for lack of her personal touch that our treasury stands in such great need of funds? Have we forgotten that this is part of her heritage to us, the responsibility to use the personal touch in winning new friends, new givers, new praying ones to carry on our great, wonderful share of God's work?

In days gone by our Board held the place of pioneer in the work of women, by women, for women; a noble history lies behind us. To-day the work of our Board still stands in the front rank. Our schools are the finest, our hospitals equal to the best, our Bible Schools are sending graduates far and near, as fast as we can furnish them. But we need your personal touch, your enthusiasm, lest the work falter, lest we fail to fill those countless opportunities our workers tell us of at the front.

"My dear, it's the personal touch that counts"; and as we looked into the earnest face of our leader we knew that it was the personal touch of our Lord Jesus Christ upon her which made her the heart of our work, the moving impulse to so many of us. May it be to us also, His touch upon us, which sends us forth into the New Year brave, hopeful, faithful to the high privilege of His glad service.

E. E. McC.

ONE MONTH IN CHINA

"THE next stop will be Shanghai," called out the guard on the Nanking-Shanghai R. R. one warm night in October. Soon the train pulled into the big station, and Dr. Garner, Miss Elizabeth Irvine, Miss Hall and Miss Abbey stepped forward to greet us. I would that my pen could tell the thoughts that arose in me! How many times in my own quiet home I had written to these dear friends in Shanghai, and now I was really there with them. It seemed too wonderful to believe.

Naturally the first stay was at Stevenside, the home of the staff of the Margaret Williamson Hospital when they can get away from its demands, but even there the telephone calls them at any hour to hasten back to some poor suffering woman or little child. I wish I could tell of the clinics—such sights, such suffering, and often such relief given by the treatment of doctors and nurses. The hospital is very full at present, and how the poor, sad faces light up as the doctors make their rounds, and stop to say a helpful, comforting word. Alas, I cannot talk, can only give a loving handclasp. The wee babies in their strange wrappings are a delight, and the little children.

From physicians of other missions I am hearing constantly of "the wonderful work" of this pioneer in China of women's hospitals, and of the ability of Dr. Reifsnnyder in formulating and projecting this work. Dr. Garner and Dr. Wood are working day and night, and need help—more physicians, more nurses, right away. The ten days spent at Stevenside were all too short for what there was to see.

Since coming to China I have heard it said, "Medical missions serve as an entering wedge for evangelistic work." In our Margaret Williamson Hospital these two forms are closely combined, for every morning in the clinic Miss Irvine and one of the Bible women speak to the crowd there gathered, and later visit the wards and private rooms to tell the good news of Christ's redeeming love.

From Stevenside I moved to the Matilda Douw Foundation, the Women's Bible School, and the home of the Misses Irvine. The Bible women and students gave me such a cordial welcome when I went in to prayers the first morning, and two of them had learned a song of greeting for my coming. My stay at the Bible School has led me to see the varying phases of this department, where women are

being prepared to do evangelistic work. Often they come with little fitness save their desire to tell the Gospel message to others. Here, too, helpers are needed—a thoroughly trained foreign Bible teacher, one who can sing and teach music is wanted at once. More rooms are needed for students, as the dormitory is too crowded for comfort. The evangelistic work at the hospital and in connection with the Van Santvoord Chapel and in the country stations calls loudly for more workers.

We have had only one peep at the Bridgman School as yet, but that was such a happy, cordial one, and warmed our hearts to those dear school girls as they sang their welcome, and then, in Chinese or in English, told of their pleasure in having Mrs. Bronson and myself with them. I hope to come into closer touch with all at Bridgman when I go there to stay. One month in China! With the three departments of our work to study and become familiar with, the time is all too short, but how grateful I am for that month of privilege.

S. W. D.

REMINISCENCES IV.

THE FIRST HOSPITAL

ALL through the summer, fall and winter of 1884 patients were seen three times a week at the dispensary in the native city, and not only there, for having found out where the doctor lived, they came as well to the Bridgman Home, and it was not unusual to have quite a number present at morning prayers, so as to see the doctor immediately afterwards. Not being prepared with drugs there, nor having a place wherein to make up the various prescriptions, much time was lost. Having quite a little to do in drug-room work while an interne at the Women's Hospital in Philadelphia, my knowledge was passed on to Miss McKechnie, and what an apt scholar she was. I have always been glad that it was my lot to be a student under Dr. Susan Hayhurst, the first graduate woman druggist in the world, who was for many years at the Women's Hospital, and to whom I owe much of the knowledge that was such a great help in the beginning—yes, and down through the years at the Margaret Williamson Hospital.

As Mrs. Griffith John was living in Hankow, and most anxious to have me visit her before the hospital would be opened, that visit was made in the early part of 1885. Hankow being some five hundred miles up the Yangtse,

at least ten days for the journey and ten days with these dear friends—Dr. and Mrs. John, were given to the trip. Miss McKechnie, with the aid of Mrs. Day, could care for the patients, who at this time of year would be fewer than usual, the China New Year being near at hand. I have always thanked God for giving me those ten beautiful days with those wonderfully gifted people of God.

The spring of '85 was a wonderfully busy one. Not only were the patients increasing in numbers, some afternoons over one hundred at the dispensary, but demands came from the homes for the "foreign woman doctor," and wishing to meet the people in that way, visits were gladly made. Just here let it be said that after all these years not a few of the patients seen then are still loyal to the hospital. One young woman, who had been suffering some sixty-five days, and had been under the care of a native physician, was entirely well in two weeks; for which recovery I received my first tablet, a large, lacquered board, with large Chinese characters, which set forth the virtues of the Western woman by comparing her with a great Chinese woman physician of ancient times. All was so novel and so encouraging that of course the young American was pleased.

The hospital was opened early in June, 1885, and by the end of the month three Chinese women had been added to the two foreigners, a matron, who was also a nurse; a dispensary assistant and an assistant druggist, these constituting the first hospital staff. (See page 10.) Not one of them had ever been in a hospital, and *one* had not seen a foreign house. These were the days of beginnings, but God was with us, and what more could we ask?

ELIZABETH REIFSNYDER, M.D.

ON the last day of the old year, the sad news came to the Bible House, that Mr. Rudolph Lenz had suddenly passed away while returning to his home in Brooklyn. His loss will be deeply felt by all with whom he was associated, preëminently by the Woman's Union Missionary Society. For many years Mr. Lenz has been closely connected with this Society as its publisher, and this business relation was made the occasion for a distinct, personal service rarely given. During all this time he has been a valued adviser, an unfailing friend—for the law of kindness was in his life.



FIRST MEDICAL STAFF—MARGARET WILLIAMSON HOSPITAL.

FOR MISSION BANDS.

A HOUSE-WARMING IN CHINA

By MARY J. IRVINE

TO see, with one's own eyes, heathen festivities in connection with such an occasion enables us to realize more fully the hold that ancestral worship has upon the people. In this case, sixteen artisans have been employed daily for two weeks to prepare paper boats of all sizes, fitted up in the most up-to-date style, tables, chairs, furniture of all kinds used in the home, sedan chairs, figures of men and horses, which are to have a part in the ceremonies. Scores of priests loiter about the premises, more than fifty of whom are engaged in chanting and mumbling prayers and burning incense.

We are told that the big day is to-morrow, when all these effigies will be burned. One hundred dead ancestors are now remembered by names written on paper and placed in order, small cups of wine arranged in front of each name. All the relatives are here, and they number by the score. How can we express all we feel as we tell out to one, who is interested in our call, the truths about eternity? Our listener asks us many questions, and we venture in the midst of this heathen festivity to tell the way of salvation. In a room adjoining there is one sick unto death, and we are invited to call to see her. The crowd just push and jam as we enter the inner apartment, but the woman was too weak to hear the message. Our inquirer friend has

kindly waited for us in the village, and conducts us to the village school. Number of pupils in attendance is about seventy. The noon hour is free, and the teachers are delighted to have their pupils presented each with a tract to carry home. There is time to examine our books and to give to our three teacher friends some idea of the Gospel. Surprising indeed is the change that is wrought in the villages where schools are established.

SOME EVERY-DAY DOINGS AT FATEHPUR

By MARGARET JONES

WOULD you like to know some of the every-day doings in the Lily Lytle Broadwell Hospital at Fatehpur?

A woman came a few days ago with a child about eight months old. I gave her a bed in one corner of our big ward, where she seemed quite comfortable. The next night I saw this little woman and the child lying on the bare floor, and thought, oh dear, why are these poor people sleeping there? When I came nearer she sat up and smiled as I asked why she was not in her bed. Then she put the palms of her hands together and held them up before her in a very devout manner and said, "Oh, great lady, don't make me sleep up there, the baby has fallen off twice. Then, using an expression which is very common here, she added: "My heart does not stick to it." It certainly does not look well to see patients lying around on the floor, but I tried to see it from her viewpoint and went on, leaving her there for that time, for in all her life she had never had a bed to sleep in, and felt strange and afraid. But not all of our patients are averse to beds, as was this woman.

A Mohammedan mother came the other day with a very sick baby, about three months old, and as this was the only boy in the family, they were very anxious about him. Let me tell you how many came to stay with that wee child—the mother and three young children under six years, who could not be left at home without her; the grandmother to look after these little girls, and another relative, with a child in her arms, to nurse the boy—so we had three women and four children with our little patient. But there are compensations, for we have the privilege of giving the Gospel to just so many more, and the friends who come have more time to listen, and are often more able to take in the truth than the patients.

Let me tell you next of our two little sunshine makers. One is a little girl, who has had an open wound for three years, yet she never complains, is always bright and happy, a daily living witness to the power of Christ to keep and sustain under pain or difficulty. The other is a little boy who came last winter through one of our wayside dispensaries, and he, too, was a great sufferer. He had been here only a few days when he said, "My heart sticks to this place," and now our hearts stick to him. These are a few of the patients whom we have the privilege of serving, and it brings joy to us that we are counted worthy to be co-workers with Him in this every-day service.

MY DAY IN AND ABOUT SHANGHAI

By J. H. BRONSON

SUCH a day it was of barrowing, walking, crossing and recrossing the canal by ferry, jinrikisha riding, and riding in trams through the city.

The morning was spent in visiting the villages. Even while we were waiting for the noonday dinner to be prepared, Miss Irvine and the Bible women decided to evangelize in some nearby houses. The time is so short, and there are so many millions in China, that our missionaries are always hurrying, hurrying to redeem the time. The first pulpit that offered itself was an old stone well. I wondered if Jacob's well was like that. The audience was a group of very bright-eyed, alert little Chinese boys. Miss Irvine pulled out a little picture some one in America had sent, and began to teach. Have you ever sent picture cards to the missionaries? Then perhaps it was your card that preached the Gospel that day, from a well-side in China. Soon, however, we were spied by a group of women and beckoned to come to the house, where chairs were hospitably offered, and these ignorant, non-Christian people listened gladly. Two homes were visited in this way before it was time to go back to dinner. One woman, perhaps a neighbor, who did not "belong," stood looking on at all the preparations, and Mrs. Zau, who was always buying up the opportunity, said to her, "Do you notice that there is no kitchen idol here? That is because it is a Christian kitchen. Isn't it convenient?" And thus her little sermon began. I wish I could go on telling of the visits and services of that day, but space fails.

RECEIPTS of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, from December 1 to December 31, 1915.

ALLAHABAD, INDIA

N. J.—Newark Aux., N. J., Mrs. R. H. Allen, Treas., Mrs. Peter Campbell for Miss Roderick's Club,	25 00
Pa.—Phila. Br., Mrs. Wm. Waterall, Treas., Miss Roderick's salary,	70 00
Md.—Baltimore Br., Md., Miss E. M. Bond, Treas. Eastern Br., Y. W. C. A., for worker,	27 00
Total,	122 00

CALCUTTA

Mass.—Boston Br., Miss M. E. Magrath, Treas., Miss Cora Tuxbury for Neermola,	25 00
Conn.—New Haven, Rev. G. L. Paine, for Gardner Mem'l School,	25 00
N. Y.—Manhattan Br., Miss R. L. Freeman, Treas., for Pearl,	25 00
N. J.—Ridgewood, Mrs. F. H. White, Helen Eliza White scholarship,	5 00
Total,	80 00

CAWNPORE

Mary Avery Merriman School

N. Y.—Brooklyn, Miss H. D. Tracy, for Gertrude, 20.00; Cold Spring, Hillside Band, Miss A. P. Wilson, Treas., for Ada, 14.00,	34 00
N. J.—New Brunswick Aux., Miss A. B. Cook, Treas., for orphan,	15 00
Pa.—Lancaster, Miss Mary Gochbauer, for Razi, 5.00; Phila. Br., The Misses Comegys, for Kalia, 25.00,	30 00
Ind.—Lafayette, Mrs. Z. S. Ely, for orphan,	20 00
Ill.—Byron, Cong. S. S., Miss E. C. Knowlton, for Esther,	20 00
Cal.—Santa Barbara, Mrs. H. P. Merri-man,	50 00
Total,	169 00

FATEHPUR

Lily Lytle Broadwell Memorial Hospital

N. Y.—Brooklyn, Mrs. Peter McCartee, semi-annual payment for nurse, 25.00; N. Y. City, C. E. Soc., Ch. of the Strangers, Miss E. Summers, in memory of Gertrude Smith, Child's Cot, 10.00,	35 00
N. J.—Newark, Mrs. R. H. Allen, for automobile, 25.00; Princeton Br., Miss M. L. Willson, Mrs. Fox, for Dispensary, 12.50; Summit, Mrs. F. S. Phraner, for automobile, 300.00,	337 50

Rescue Work

N. J.—Plainfield, Mrs. D. W. Taylor,	30 00
Pa.—Phila. Br., Miss Todd's salary,	150 00
Total,	552 50

JHANSI

Mary S. and Maria Ackerman Hoyt Hospitals

N. Y.—N. Y. City, Estate of Ezra P. Hoyt, Dr. J. A. Coles, Ex.,	150 00
Pa.—Phila. Br., To Dr. Ernest, Special, 25.00; Salary, 150.00; Shippensburg, Normal S. S., Miss A. V. Horton, Treas., 4.78,	179 78
Total,	329 78

SHANGHAI, CHINA

N. J.—Jersey City, Mrs. L. A. Opycke, work in Bridgman Home,	20 00
Pa.—Phila. Br., Dr. Reifsnnyder's salary,	175 00
Total,	195 00

YOKOHOMA, JAPAN

Mass.—Boston Br., Miss A. J. Mulford, Bible reader,	30 00
N. Y., Brooklyn, Life Line Mission Ch. for country station,	60 00
N. J.—New Brunswick Aux., for three scholarships, 120.00; Plainfield, Mrs. J. W. DeGraff's S. S. Class, for scholarship, 40.00,	160 00
Total,	250 00

GENERAL FUND

Conn.—Norwich Town, Mrs. C. P. Lane,	10 00
N. Y.—N. Y. City, Mrs. DeWitt Knox,	10 00
N. J.—Montclair, Mrs. Benj. Carter, 10.00; Morristown Aux., Miss A. P. Hastings, Treas., 100.00; Newark Aux., Miss Abeel's collection, Mrs. R. B. Symington, 10.00; the Misses Condit, 2.50; Miss Stiles, 1.00; Mrs. Frelinghuysen, 5.00; Miss J. W. Abeel, 2.50; collected by Mrs. Allen, Mrs. F. L. Smith, 2.00; Miss T. Burnet, 1.00; Miss M. C. Brown, 1.00; Miss M. C. Johnson, 1.00; Mrs. W. H. Douglas, 1.00; Princeton Br., Miss M. L. Willson, Treas., 91.50; Summit, Mrs. F. S. Phraner, 400.00,	628 50
Total,	648 50

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO MISSIONARY LINK

Miss A. J. Mulford, .50; Mrs. C. W. Palmer, 1.00; Mrs. N. Boynton, .50; Mrs. G. C. Halsted, .50; Mrs. W. P. Halsted, .50; Miss Lydia Benedict, .50; Mrs. J. L. Roberts, .50; Miss S. G. Ayres, .50; Mrs. W. G. Chapin, .50; Miss M. L. Stowell, .50; Mrs. C. E. Graff, .50; Mrs. P. H. Graef, .50; Mr. W. H. Shaw, .50; Mrs. Jas. B. King, .50,	7 50
Total,	7 50

WILLING AND OBEDIENT BAND

Rev. D. M. Stearns, Germantown, Phila., Pa.

Jhansi.—Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Ramsburgh—Bible woman,	15 00
Miss M. D. Starr—Boy,	2 00
Japan.—Mrs. C. B. Penrose—Harada Shobi,	10 00
Miss M. L. Davis—Masa Shibuya,	60 00
Miss M. F. Pauli—Ishi Watanabe, 60.00; In Mem., Mrs. F. S. Pauli—Hiyo Hamada, 60.00,	120 00
Mrs. B. F. Clark—Some Gamoto, 30.00; Christmas gift, 1.00,	31 00
Miss Emily Lehman—Fusoe Uyeno, 60.00	60 00
Miss A. R. Harper—B. W., 5.00; Christmas gift, 1.00,	6 00
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fredericks—Suga Mori,	5 00
Mrs. J. W. Howe—Hana Ito,	10 00
Mrs. H. D. Boone—Kiku Yamane,	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Bisel—Yasu Hayashi,	5 00
Miss E. G. Fradley—Kishi Ono,	10 00
Mrs. Kanes' S. S. Class, per Miss R. Kern—Iwanoto Sta.,	4 67
Total,	326 67

SUMMARY

Allahabad,	\$122 00
Calcutta,	80 00
Cawnpore,	169 00
Fatehpur,	552 50
Jhansi,	346 78
China,	195 00
Japan,	576 67
General Fund,	648 50
Link Subscriptions,	7 50
Total,	\$2,697 95
CLARA E. MASTERS, Ass't. Treas.	

Interest and dividends, October,	\$668 96
" " " November,	1,578 88
" " " December,	1,233 75
	<hr/> \$3,481 59

Legacy, Estate Mary Crosby,	
Balance of \$500, with interest accrued,	
for Japan Missions,	106 84
Cash—Gift for General Work,	2,000 00
Cash collected in Jhansi, to endow	
bed in Hoyt Hospital,	600 00
	<hr/> \$6,188 43

JOHN MASON KNOX, Treasurer.

DECEMBER RECEIPTS OF PHILADELPHIA BRANCH

Mrs. Wm. Waterall, Treasurer

Int. on Harriet Holland Fund,	100 00
Int. at Provident Life & Trust Co.,	11 22
Through Mrs. Geo. Emily Shoemaker:	
Mrs. Shoemaker,	\$3 00
Miss Alice Shoemaker,	3 00
"Box" articles,	3 50
	<hr/> 9 50
Through Miss M. E. Comegys, for general	
work,	5 00
From the Misses Comegys, for sup. of Kalia,	25 00
	<hr/> 30 00
Through Mrs. Robert Le Routillier:	
From Wayne Zenana Circle,	50 00
Through Mrs. Wm. W. Farr:	
Mrs. Edmund K. Goldsborough,	5 00
In Memoriam:	
Mrs. James Carstairs,	5 00
Miss A. P. Newbold,	2 00
Miss Helen C. Butting,	3 00
Miss Joanna Hogan,	1 00
Mrs. A. Edwin Taylor,	1 00
Miss Caroline Farr,	2 00
Mrs. John B. Wattson,	1 00
Mrs. Wm. Wilkins Carr,	5 00
Mrs. Robt. F. Innes,	5 00
Mrs. Wm. W. Farr,	20 00
	<hr/> 50 00
	<hr/> \$250 72

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Mrs. Caroline E. Ackerman Coles—Her daughter, Miss Emilie S. Coles,	
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Charles M. Taintor Memorial—A Friend,	
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Mrs. Henry Johnson—Friends,	
Lavinia M. Brown—Mrs. Joseph E. Brown.	

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